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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness,
cheapness and despatch.

For the Reporter.

LINES TO M. H. P.

Beloved one! my thoughts are turning,
And my heart with sighs is yearning
After thee!
Oh! the tardy hours are numbered,
When we shall no more be sundered—
Thou and me.

When the Queen of night is sailing
In the sky, her glory paling
Brightest stars;
And repose, with care so gentle,
Folds o'er all her silken mantle,
Soothing cares,—

Drying tears and smothering sorrow,
Smoothing from pure brows the furrow
Thought has pressed,—
On their fresh-spread couches lulling
Every weary little birdling
Into rest,—

Then, o'er hills and valleys flying,
Glad I speed, in swift-winged wing
With the light
Which is poured in silvery showers,
On the earth, during the hours
Of the night.

And my thought stays not her pinion,
Till she sees—O happy vision!
Thee, my own!
Distant though thou now art wand'ring,
Heart to heart, our hearts responding,
Still are known.

Love is true, and time is fleeting!
Happy strength, which stays my weeping
Hour by hour.
O, we shall meet again, light hearted,
As we met in days departed.
In this power.

MINNEHAHA.

For the Reporter.

LINES

Written on the death of NELLY PERLEY, who
died June 18, 1859. By Lucia Hall of
Naples, Me.

"She is not dead,"—"she is not dead but
sleepeth!"
Her hands are meekly folded on her breast;
Her eyelids closed not any more she weepeth;
Released from earthly care, she is at rest.

Her cheeks that stole Aurora's rosy blushes,
Are white as marble and cold as clay;
Through her blue veins the blood no longer
gushes

Their falling fountain has refused to play.
We do not hear her breathing any longer;
The mellow music of her voice is still;
And when the roaring of the blast is stronger,
She never heeds her whistling on the hill.

She sleepeth far too soon to be dreaming,
With a heavenly radiance upon her brow;
The blessed sunlight on the wall is streaming,
Why does she never wake to greet it now?

Why are her ruby lips so thin and pallid?
Where are the roses of youth and perfume?
Once with the dawn their brightening color
sullied.

Kissed by the lip of morning into bloom.
She sank as sinks the tired child to slumber,
To sleep as sweetly, to awake as bright,
When not a sorrow shall her soul encumber.
When pain has vanished and there's no more
grief.

We laid her down with tearful benedictions,
When summer flowers were blooming bright
and full,
She heedeth not our sorrow and afflictions,
But ever sleepeth on and sleepeth well.

She sleepeth still and waiteth for her Maker,
However long he tarry, till he come;
Now a Redeemer with his call to wake her,
And like a bridegroom lead her to his home.

CURIOUS CHINESE SAYINGS. When a man
seeks advice and won't follow it, they com-
pare him to a mole that's continually call-
ing out for the newspaper. A drunkard's
nose is said to be a lighthouse, warning us
of the little water that passes underneath.—
If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they
say he bathes in a sea of sharks. The father
who neglects his child is said to run
with a wild donkey tied to his pig tail.—
The young wife of an old man is compared
to the light of a sick bedroom. Their
picture of ambition is a Mandarin trying to
catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail.—
Mock philanthropy has been described by
one of their greatest poets as "giving a mer-
maid a pair of boots."

An economical couple from Iowa arrived
at Alexandria, Mo., a few days ago to get
married. The groom had neither hat, coat,
nor vest; but Justice Spencer kindly loaned
him those needy garments, and then tied the
knot for them. When the ceremony was
over, the groom told the 'quire that he
"hadn't a red," but would like to trade him
a pet wolf if they could agree on terms.—
The 'quire took the varmint, and gave the
happy bridegroom a dollar to boot.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his
temper; but he is more excellent who can
suit his temper to any circumstances.

A CONFESSION.—BY A. L.

My friend H. married early in life. The
lady that he chose was a beautiful but weak-
minded girl; H. was a whole-souled, pleas-
ure-loving youth, the life of every circle
that he favored with his company.

The club of which he was a member ac-
knowledge that he was the witliest and
handsomest man among them; but as I
have already said, H. married early; and
now let me add, only three months had elap-
sed when we observed a marked change in
our favorite.

His bright smile was changed for a se-
rious, and often sad, expression; he came to
the club-room less frequently than had been
his wont, and while there he read his paper
and smoked, seldom joining in any conver-
sation.

He had been in the habit of taking out
but one cigar during the evening, and that
was sometimes thrown away half consumed.
Now he seemed to smoke, as some per-
sons drink, "to drive away dull care." When
the door opened he startled and held his ci-
gar half hidden by his paper, as if afraid of
being caught in some forbidden enjoyment.

After I had observed my friend, evening
after evening, and felt convinced that some
secret sorrow was destroying his peace, I one
night left the room with him, offering to
walk home by his side. He drew my arm
within his own, and gave my hand a friendly
pressure; as he turned his face toward the
gas-light, I saw that a tear stood in his eye.
I said, "H. you are in trouble, can I relieve
you? Do you need pecuniary aid? If so,
let me have the pleasure of bestowing it—
You have a young wife, and your expenses
must necessarily have increased, perhaps
more than you anticipated; and young law-
yers sometimes have to wait long for their
fees. If you would like to borrow money,
say so; I have more than enough for an old
bachelor."

"Old bachelor! would that I were!" Here
he paused, and turning to me added, "H.,
reveal not what I just uttered. You have
always been like a brother to me, and you
shall know the cause of my distress. I am
sure you will never make an improper use
of what I tell you."

After assuring him that he might safely
confide in me, that I would never divulge his
secret until I had received his permission, I
listened to the following recital:

"I married too hastily; Clara's beauty daz-
zled me, and I saw not her defects: the poor
girl declares she loves me, but preferable
would be her hatred. I can not leave her
presence without being obliged on my return
to account for every moment of my absence.
Any spot is better than my home, yet I can
not seek peace elsewhere without a certainty
that I must pay a severe penalty. My wife
forbids me to smoke in her presence, there-
fore I must go abroad to enjoy what I can
not discontinue at once. Indeed, the desire
for such indulgence increases with my efforts
to leave it off."

Suddenly starting, my friend exclaimed,
"There she is now, with her head out of the
window this cold night, though I have be-
sought her not to expose her health in this
way; but such is her revenge for my going
abroad. Can you wonder that I am changed
I would rather die than live thus."

Ere I had spoken many words of consola-
tion we were at my friend's door. I was
pressing H.'s hand when the door opened,
and a delicate, but beautiful lady held a
light, which showed too plainly the frown
which disfigured her fair face. "Well, sir,
home at last!" and the door closed ere my
friend had finished saying, "Good-night."

I was enraged, and declared that any man
was a fool to submit to such treatment. I
resolved that I would marry in less than a
month, to show H., and other unfortunates,
that a woman can be governed.

I lay awake that night, thinking over all
my lady friends, and considering which one
should be my victim. Some were too silly,
others too plain-looking; but I remembered
one that was beautiful, intelligent, and so
high-spirited that to subdue her would be a
grand achievement.

I had wealth, position, and (excuse my
vanity) not a bad person. The fair one in
question I had always admired, and she had
invariably received me well. Indeed, I had
been assured by an acquaintance of Miss C.
that I was a favorite with her. But as I had
resolved to live a single life, I had never en-
tertained any serious intention toward the
one I now determined to marry, if she would
accept me. I decided to put on the chains
of matrimony to prove that they could not
always enslave.

In three weeks from that night I had
caught my bird. We were to be united to-
ward the close of the following week, in ac-
cordance with my wishes, that we might
spend the holidays with my parents in Vir-
ginia.

On our return we took possession of our
newly furnished mansion. We gave a large
party, or rather it was my party, that I

might invite all my bachelor friends, as well
as some unhappy married ones.

I was astonished when my bride agreed
to all my arrangements, though she knew
as well as I did that they were peculiar.

I could not offend her by any of my pro-
positions; she gave no unasked advice—
merely assented to all I said.

"Oh, a new broom sweeps clean," thought
I. "She will show out when no longer a
bride; I know she is proud and spirited
enough."

The evening passed delightfully, and I
confess I was skeptical as to my ability to
disturb my wife's peace of mind.

The guests retired, after paying me many
compliments on my choice of a wife, and we
were alone. As soon as I could interrupt
Mary's gay and charming conversation, I
said, "My dear, what did you think of my
having the wine and smoking arrangement
for the gentlemen?"

"Oh, it was a capital idea, my husband;
it must have pleased your bachelor friends
to see that you could not forget their com-
fort, although no longer one of them. I must
note it down, that it may never be forgotten
when we give entertainments; married peo-
ple are too indifferent about the comforts of
poor old bachelors."

I was again disappointed; but I deter-
mined not to retire until I had called forth
one frown or pouting look.

My wife had been sitting with one arm
around me; I gently drew myself from her
embrace (I could not do it rudely) and took
a cigar from my case. I knew that before
our engagement she disliked the habit of
smoking.

I calmly seated myself upon a lounge, and
puffed away.

"Did you observe Mrs. M.'s brooch?" inquired
my wife, coming toward me and seating her-
self by my side. "No," I replied, and smok-
ed away vigorously. Mary continued to chat
gayly, but suddenly turned pale, and drop-
ped her head on my shoulder. She had
fainted. I rang for a servant, opened the
window, and applied restoratives. We bore
her to her sleeping-room, and she soon re-
vived.

I asked, "What made you ill? Was it
the cigar? Why did you not speak when
you first felt its effects?" and I felt my-
self blush with shame as I hurriedly asked
these questions.

"I wished to accustom myself to your
smoking," answered my wife; "for I can not
bear to drive you from my presence every
time you wish to enjoy a cigar."

"Angel!" I exclaimed, "I shall never
smoke again."

"Oh, my husband," said Mary, "make no
rash promises; the habit is not easily over-
come, and I do not ask you to discontinue it;
now that I know I can not bear it, I can re-
tire to the library when you wish to smoke."

She has never been obliged to leave me
thus; I have never smoked since, and would
not be hired to take another cigar in my
mouth.

A night or two after this occurrence, I
was sitting by my wife, who was amusing
me by recounting the events of the day
which had just passed, some anecdotes rela-
tive to her housekeeping, etc. I was charm-
ed by her affection and naivete, and would
gladly have remained by her side. But she
was not to be subdued in all respects, and
in one she had not been tried. Since our
marriage I had not visited the club-rooms.
I looked at my watch, and carelessly re-
marked, "I shall go to the club, Mary; if you
grow sleepy do not wait for me, I have a
key."

A shade of sadness flitted across her beau-
tiful face, but it was succeeded by one of her
sweetest smiles.

Springing from my side, she ran to the
hall, brought out my overcoat, shoes, etc.,
placed them before the fire, and said, "Do
not forget to warm them before you leave
the club, my husband, and walk fast that
you may not get cold; indeed, I have another
reason for wishing you to hasten home—
it will be a lonely evening without you; but
you have deprived yourself of better society
so long, that I can bear to spend an evening
in anticipation, instead of in the enjoyment
of your company."

I hesitated—almost decided not to go;—
but it would not do to yield. I went, and
was almost as dull as H., who was also there.
He observed my manner, and whispered, "In
trouble already?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I shall be in
trouble until I acknowledge myself conquer-
ed. I married to enjoy the pleasure of 'tam-
ing a shrew;' but I find myself wedded to
an angel. I must confess my mistake, and
make myself worthy the wife that God has
given me. Some other old bachelor must
ward a woman to show that a female can be
ruled. I am vanquished, and gladly do I
yield to such a victor."

Poor H. sighed, rose, and walked the floor
for some minutes; then approaching me he
said, "Why this difference? Your wife is
beautiful and graceful, so is mine. Your

wife says she loves you, so does mine.—
Yours—"

"Hold," interrupted I, "your wife says she
loves you—mine proves it by consulting my
happiness. You warned me against my
wife's pride and spirit; I grant she possesses
a large share of both, and what would a
woman do without these traits? Mary has
excellent sense and tact. These teach her
how to control those characteristics which
might make us both unhappy. Yes, H., any
man that has brains at all must not choose
a beautiful wife without intellect; rather
let him wed one with a plain face, a warm
heart, and good sense."

I shook hands with poor H. and pitied him
sincerely, then crossed the hall to the room
where were assembled many members of the
club. I made a farewell address, in which
I advised them to follow my example, and
shook hands with all. Some bantered me;
but the greater number said their acquain-
tance with my wife had half induced them
to look around for an opportunity to do as
I had done; and they all promised to accept
my wife's invitation to come freely to our
home whenever they felt like having quiet
domestic enjoyment.

I hastened home, entered the dining-room
where I saw the gas burning; my slippers
were warming before the fire, near which
was drawn a great arm-chair; on the table
were a cup and saucer, besides other ar-
rangements for a comfortable supper.

I rang the bell, and the waiter appeared.
I asked who had placed my slippers there.
He smiled and said, "I saw mistress put
them there, sir."

As it was not a late hour, I was surprised
that my wife was not waiting, although I
requested her to retire, if sleepy.

I asked, "Has Mrs. B. retired?" The ser-
vant replied, "No, sir, she is in the kitchen, teach-
ing Nancy and Ellen to read."

I told the waiter not to disturb his mis-
tress, but wait in the buttry until I called
him.

I then stole quietly down to the kitchen,
and peeped through the glass over the door.
The large pine table contained books, slates,
etc. There sat my wife between two black
females; one was reading to her, and the
eyes of the other were gazing on the face of
her mistress, as if she considered her a be-
ing from a better world.

I returned to the dining-room, rang the
bell, and when the waiter re-appeared I bade
him inform his mistress that I had arrived.
I fear some long word was left half pro-
nounced, for in less than two minutes she
was in my arms.

"Oh, how good of you to return so early!"
cried she; "but why did you? Was it not
pleasant with your club?"

"No, my wife," I replied. It answered
very well while I had no house of my own;
but now I have a dear, sensible, loving wife
who is more attractive than all the clubs in
Christendom."

Mary blushed at this compliment, and
burying her face in my bosom to hide the
tears that would come in spite of the smile,
said, "May I ever deserve such praise and
love from you, my husband; when you left
this evening, I sat one moment on the
lounge and shed a few tears, because I felt
so lonely, then I thought, 'This will not do;
Charles must sometimes leave me; I will
improve usefully every hour of his absence.
So after preparing for your return I went
to the kitchen to instruct our women: for
do you know that they can not read?'"

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed; "I wonder
if Thomas, the waiter can read? and the
coachman? I must ascertain before I retire
this night."

Thomas was rung for. I said, "Thomas
can you read?"

"No, sir," he replied, hanging down his
head as if ashamed.

"Can George?" I asked.

"A little sir; he spells out the letters that
come to me from my wife."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mary, he can
not read the letters from his own wife! Oh,
how dreadful!"

That night Thomas was taught to read three
lines, and every evening since Mary and I
have had our classes one hour. Thomas can
not only read his wife's letters, but can an-
swer them, too.

My wife insists upon my going to the club
once a week, lest my bachelor friends become
jealous of her; but they have witnessed so
much of our happiness, that I think the club
room will not much longer be the resort of
of any but miserable, rejected bachelors and
unhappy husbands.—[Life Illustrated.

LADIES' SWIMMING SCHOOL IN PARIS.

Quarrier's Swimming School for Ladies
opens in the month of May, and it is difficult
to imagine a mere novel or prettier scene
than it presents on a warm afternoon.—
Neither at concert, race, nor ball, in Paris,
have I beheld so many beautiful faces as at
this school; one reason perhaps, being that
many girls from ten to fifteen are visitors
to the bath, who are excluded by their age
from sharing in public amusements.

The young ladies of the aristocratic Fau-
bourg, St. Germain, the daughters of the
wealthy "financiers," the families attached
to the Emperor, all meet here with the same
intention—namely, to swim; and all who
are able, gambol, race and laugh in the wa-
ter, forgetful of party and social distinctions.
The costume is generally of some dark ma-
terial, gaily trimmed with red or blue wor-
sted binding which does not lose its color.—
The upper part of the dress resembles a
boy's blouse; the lower, a pair of trousers.
It is all in one, and a tunic is sewen to the
waist and falls to the knees. Some of the
girls go in without any kind of head dress
beyond their own fine hair, neatly plaited;
other wear nets of gay colors, or of a slight
netter scarlet or blue scarf gracefully ar-
ranged.

A basin of about 150 or 160 feet long, and
about 25 or 30 feet broad surrounded by a
broad platform, enclosed by the dressing
rooms and screened alike from the sun and
from public observation by a awning stretch-
ed over all. The machine is so arranged
that the powerful current of the Seine rush-
es through it; it is in fact, a large cage sunk
to the required depth.

That part of the basin, which is from four
to five feet deep is crossed by a bridge; and
the smaller portion thus indicated is used
by those who wish to bathe only, or who are
not sufficiently good swimmers to exercise
as yet in the larger ones. But the large ba-
sin is the centre of attraction. At the end
where the water is deepest, flights of steps
lead down for those who like to swim smooth-
ly and quietly off; but far the greater
number prefer leaping in either from the
platform, or from the little fanciful con-
structions, half arch, half temple, raised at
the end of it, and which gives a descent any
height you please—between ten and thirty
feet to the surface of the water.

Fearless, gay, and graceful, the plunge
beneath the flood to reappear almost instan-
tly, gliding down the stream without any ap-
parent effort; floating, swimming on the
back, &c., vary the amusements, which more
than a hundred ladies may be seen sharing
together, their evolutions being watched and
stimulated by as many lookers on—their
mothers and female friends who are seated
around. Little did I think, when I inscrib-
ed myself on M. Quarrier's list that I should
be hung on a hook at the end of a line, and
then thrown into the water with directions
to imitate a frog to the best of my ability;
it was even so.

Dear, how helpless you feel!—how you
wish you had never thought of learning
to swim! But you are ashamed to say so;
you know you cannot be drowned; the man
adjusts his line so nicely to the level of the
water, you feel quite sure of that. So he
counts, "One, two, three, and you perform
Froggy awkwardly enough, putting out your
hand when you ought to keep them in,
stretching your arms forward when they
ought to be close to your body, kicking in
anything but measured cadence, and getting
a good mouthful, notwithstanding you, silly
creature, stiffen your neck, and try to keep
your head up by that means. Thus ends
the first lesson.

After two or three lessons more, you swim
off from the steps at the end, where the wa-
ter is deepest the man on the platform pre-
ceding you with a pole, as you attempt to
make your way down the large basin. This
large basin is constantly watched, either by
Quarrier himself or by the swimming master.
These are the only individuals of the male
sex ever present, Madame Quarrier is, as
may be expected, a perfect swimmer, and
takes an active interest in all the proceed-
ings.

MY LABOR-SAVING HUSBAND.

HINTS FOR OTHER HUSBANDS.

Some husbands are more plague than
profit, and make vastly more work than they
do; but mine is one to brag about. When
I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I
had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I
had no idea of saving time or saving work.—
But I had a husband who had love enough
for me to bear with my simplicity, and not
sold when the bread was burned and the
pies not fit to eat. Going into the kitchen
one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat
cakes and greasing the griddle with a piece
of pork on the end of a fork. He said noth-
ing, but went into the wood-house, and soon
returned with a smoothly whittled stick,
about six inches long, through the split end
he passed a folded strip of white cloth, and

then wound it around the end and tied it
with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance
which could be dipped in melted grease, and
put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw scouring knives with a
piece of cloth. "Dear me!" said he, "you
will surely cut your fingers." So he contriv-
ed a machine by nailing a broad piece of cork
to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of
the nail into the cork so far that it should
not touch the knife. This lifts the hand
from the knife and does not cramp the fin-
gers.

I used to call him occasionally to thwack
over the heavy mattress and straw bed for
me. "What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and
so replaced them by a spring mattress. Of
all the nice things for beds this is the best.
It is always in place, requires no shaking up
and it takes only three minutes to spread
the bed clothes, and the bed is made. It is
always round and inviting, and gently yields
to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish towels hanging helter-
skelter around the kitchen stove, and forth-
with made the most convenient hanging-frame
over the wood-box, where it can take up
no room and is near the stove. Here the
towels hang smoothly, and are always in
place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no
shelves, and I could not make room enough
for all the meat, butter, and milk. So he
made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves
from one to the other. The shelves are ven-
tilated by being bored thick with auger holes
and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and
stitch, stitch, and makes sewing-machines
the constant topic of conversation. He reads
to me every advertisement and every letter
from women who praise them in the papers.
If he could make one, I should be in pos-
session of one immediately; but as he can not,
I must wait till "the ship comes in." These
are some of the ways by which he lightens
the labor of the house. Would more hus-
bands were like him. Perhaps, another time
I shall tell you how he contrives his own
garden tools, and saves time and money by
his ingenuity.—[Ohio Farmer.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN MAMMOTH CAVE.—

Dr. D. L. Talbot, in commending a series of
articles for the Fort Wayne Times, in regard
to the Wyandotte Cave, makes the following
comparison between Wyandotte and Mam-
moth Caves:—"Wyandotte Cave, one of the
most extensive and remarkable in the world,
is situated in Crawford county, Indiana,
about twenty-five miles below New Albany
on Blue River. I have called it a remark-
able cave. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky
has hitherto been designated as the greatest
known cave in the world. It may startle
your scientific readers to hear me assert the
fact, that there is one stalagmite alone in
Wyandotte Cave more massive than all the
stalagmites and stalactites in Mammoth
Cave put together. This cave I have surveyed
and mapped a distance of twenty miles in
length, and there are various avenues. I
have never penetrated to their end, although
I have visited the cave for scientific and other
purposes, over a dozen different times,
spending on one visit four days and nights
with its darksome halls. The Mammoth
Cave is distinguished more for its vastness
than its beauty; the Wyandotte for its great
extent, its mammoth hall, its lofty ceiling,
reaching frequently to the height of 267
feet, and especially for its numerous and
beautiful natural formations, which almost
continually meet the eye in every direction.
A portion of this cave has been known and
visited for over forty years. This portion is
about three miles in length, and is termed
the Old Cave. In 1850 a new door from
within the old cave was discovered, which
extended the caves united to about twelve
miles in extent. In 1853 a still newer dis-
covery of ingress was accidentally made,
which has added eight or ten miles thereto,
and disclosed a plan of formation more ex-
tensive and more beautiful than any hitherto
known. This cave contains every
kind of formation peculiar to the Mammoth
and other caves, besides, some very pecu-
liar and unique formations found only in
Wyandotte Cave.

He who gives pleasure, meets with it.—
Kindness is the bond of friendship, and the
hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor,
"that Parson W.—, the laziest man living,
writes these interminable long sermons?"
"Why," said the other, "he probably gets to
writing and too lazy to stop."

When you negotiate for a house having
all the modern improvements, you will gen-
erally find that a mortgage is one of them.

The following notice may be seen on a
blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No horses shod
on Sunday except sickness and death."

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1859.

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other runs way with his heart.

spiritual believer, if not a medium, finding in the course of his researches that the evidence was irresistible. "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

It is said Queen Victoria is again asso-
ciated with anxieties more than ordinarily
interesting."

OLD FASHIONED FARE. The following is a record of the reign of Charles the First: soup of snayles, a powdered goose, a joll salmon, and a fish of green fish, buttered with eggs. This was a first course. There came a Lombard pie, a cow's udder roasts in a bread boiled nut, a hedgehog pudding, a rabbit stuffed withysters, bolonian sausage, a mallard with cabbage, and a pair of bled cooks. To these succeeded an *entremets* of spinachne tarte, a carbonated hen, a pycloes, eggs in moonshine, a christal jell, jumballs, quidany, braggot and waspsuckets. Cook also surfeit-water, carosack, and Gascony wines served to moisten this heterogeneous viand.

SUICIDE. Mrs. Betsy Foss of Campton, H., committed suicide by hanging, on the morning of the first inst. Her husband was temperate, and for years she aided and supported her family, till at last life became a burden, and she committed the terrible act in a fit of despondency.

A revising barrister having asked a witness the value of a house, the answer was, "That depends upon what sort of a wife there is in it."

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SELECTED MISCELLANY.

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.
MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears
My heart is young again.

The west winds blew, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest wheat and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The air of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the Autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south winds softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessed undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That whoso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

The death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Where in no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seemed to last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounded into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the West winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO WISH TO PICK UP SOMETHING ON THE FURF. Young man be moderate in your bets. Look at the goose with the golden eggs, and reflect upon his ruin, and ask yourself whether it was not accelerated entirely by what he was in the habit of laying? Take warning from his melancholy fate, and bear in mind that the less you lay, the less chance there is of your being ultimately cut up.—[Punch.

A short time ago the following notice was stuck up at a tailor's window, near Manchester: "Wanted, two apprentices; they will be treated as one of the family!"

Voltaire, on one occasion, when his friends were conversing on the antiquity of the world observed, "The world is like an old coquette—she disguises her age."

NECESSITY OF TRUTH. So vital a necessity to all living men is truth, that the vilest traitor feels annoyed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken, when the treason recoils upon himself.—[Bulwer Lytton.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of **BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.** He also has the right, and manufactures **MITCHELL'S PATENT**

Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryburg, and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line. Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit. JAMES WEBB. No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

G. H. BROWN,

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in **FURNITURE** of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES, PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS, CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables. **BEDSTEADS,** of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

Also, **READY-MADE COFFINS.** PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. **LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.** NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

BLACKSMITHING!

A. C. BURNHAM would inform the people of Bridgton and vicinity that he is prepared to do at his Shop all varieties of blacksmithing. He will give especial attention to **Horse Shoes,** Carriage and Sleigh Ironing, **MACHINE FORGING,**

STEEL WORK, generally. All work in his line promptly attended to. Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADAMS & WALKER, Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in **FURNITURE,** of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS, Mattresses, Carpetings and PAPER HANGINGS.

Also, DEALERS IN **DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES**

West India Goods, &c. **PAINTS AND OIL.** J. R. ADAMS, C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

RUFUS GIBBS, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of **BED BLANKETS**

FLANNELS, SUCH AS 12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS; 12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS. 4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

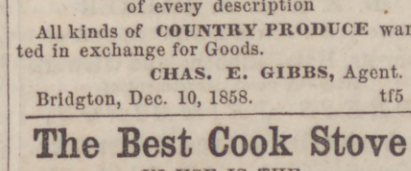
Horse Blankets AND **YANKEE BROADCLOTH.** Also, dealer in

Dry Goods, WEST INDIA GOODS. AND **GROCERIES.** of every description

All kinds of **COUNTRY PRODUCE** wanted in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent. Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858.

The Best Cook Stove IN USE IS THE **BAY STATE.**



YOU can do double the work with one half the wood, and will last twice as long, making it worth four times as much as any other Stove and does not cost any more. This Stove is kept constantly on hand by

B. CLEAVES & SON, Where may be found a good assortment of **Cast Iron Parlor Stoves,** open and close front.

AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX STOVES;

FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES, Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware, and other things too numerous to mention.

All kinds of **JOB WORK** done at short notice.

N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange. Bridgton Center.

Paris Stage Notice. A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Harrison, and Norway, connecting at South Paris with the Cars for Portland, which arrive in Portland at 2 o'clock, P. M. Returning, leaves South Paris on arrival thereof at the 1 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The above Stage runs to Fryburg, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Returns Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryburg, sold at the Grand Trunk Depot, Portland.

1st J. W. FOWLER, Driver.

Pondicherry House. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for boarding, and all who see fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good Stabling for Horses. MARSHAL BACON. Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858.

DENTISTRY. DR. HASKELL'S visits at Bridgton, will continue once in three months through the year, commencing with the second MONDAY in December, March, June and September.

Thinking the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity, he respectfully solicits an increase of the same, and assures all who may be desirous of his professional services, that it will be for their interest, in every respect to call upon him before going elsewhere.

Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients at their residence without extra charge, but all who wish such visits, or intend to employ him, are particularly requested to make it known at an early hour.

SAWYER & WISWELL, BRIDGTON, MAINE. Manufacturers and dealers in **PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GRAVE STONES, MONUMENTS,**

Tombs, Tables, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces, Counters, Soda Pumps, Shelves, Hearth Stones, Soap Stones, &c., &c.

All of the best materials, and for Style and Execution, unsurpassed.

All Orders Executed Promptly, at the Lowest Possible Cash Prices.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

CARPETING! English and American Carpet ings —LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS; all widths.

STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c. Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures, Drapery Materials of Damasks and Aluslins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought at Reduced Rates and will be sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN, FREE STREET CARPET WAREHOUSE Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block, OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co's, PORTLAND, ME. 1f

MISS A. HAMLIN'S NEW MILLINERY STORE, Where may be found a good assortment of **READY MADE MILLINERY,** Consisting of

French Hats, Caps, Head Dresses, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.

Also, Ready Made Mourning Bonnets and Hair Work.

Bonnets Bleached, Pressed and Repaired. Orders promptly attended to.

NO. 3, UNDER U. S. HOTEL, PORTLAND, ME. 7 ly

A. P. OSBORNE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **W. I. GOODS,** AND—

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, Foreign & Domestic Fruits,

CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO, IMPORTED ALES, &c.

CONFECTIONERY, Manufactured from the best Stock.

Also, Agent for the Star Brewery, for **PALE AND AMBER ALES.**

PORTLAND DISTILLERY. N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid.

W. C. OSBORNE, DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER, All orders for the above to be forwarded to

A. P. OSBORNE, Agent, No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

NEW STYLE GOODS. —FOR— **SPRING OF 1859.**

LEACH & ROBINSON, No. 84 Middle Street, —Portland, RESPECTFULLY inform the Ladies of

Portland, and vicinity that they are now receiving the latest and newest Styles in **Dress Goods,** CONSISTING OF

Fine Black Silks, Duvals, Challes, DeChues, Poli de Chevre, Goats Hair, Chinoise, Valencia Plaids, Jaconets, French and English Prints, and Printed Goods of every description. Also,

LINEN GOODS!!! Richardson's, Dunbar's, Dickson & Co's and Barclay's

SUPERIOR IRISH LINENS! Damask Table Covers, Napkins, Doglies, Towels, Diapers, Crash, &c.

WOOLENS. Broadcloths, Doeskins, Cassimeres, Tweeds

VESTINGS!!! Also, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Gauntlets, Dufont's, celebrated Kid Gloves, &c.

The stock is new and has been selected with great care, and comprises an assortment of desirable Goods, all of which will be offered at prices that will prove entirely satisfactory.

The reconstruction of the store enables us to serve our friends and customers with increased facilities and promptness, and we beg to assure the public that we shall endeavor to be always prepared to offer them the NEWEST GOODS at the LOWEST PRICES.

LEACH & ROBINSON, may6 3m26 84 Middle st., Portland.

DAVIS & BRADLEY, General Commission Merchants, AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, CORN, OATS, SHORTS AND FEED, No. 87 Commercial St., Head Portland Pier, PORTLAND, ME.

J. ALLEN DAVIS. 6m33 ROBERT BRADLEY, BYRON GREENOUGH, & CO., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves, BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES, NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,

B. Greenough, I. K. Morse, A. L. Gilkey, PORTLAND, ME.

Particular attention is invited to our Stock of Goods, it being by far the largest and most complete in the market, comprising every variety of Style, made of the best materials, and in a superior manner.

E. H. RAND, —DEALER IN— **BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, Millinery & Fancy Goods,** All at a VERY LOW PRICE FOR CASH

No. 115, Russell's Block, Congress St., PORTLAND, ME. 2f

Davis, Twitchell, & Chapman, wholesale dealers in **TEAS, TOBACCO, W. I. GOODS,** COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.

85 Commercial Street, Frederick Davis, Elbridge Chapman, Thos. E. Twitchell, PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

PURE NATIVE GRAPE JUICE, at 32 WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st., Portland.

FOREST CITY WHITE LEAD, Manufactured for, and for sale by WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st., Portland.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE. Portland Kerosene Oil Company

194 Fore St., Portland, Me., ARE erecting Works at Cape Elizabeth, for manufacturing

KEROSENE OILS, and will be ready to supply the trade of Maine early in August next.

Parties in this State, wishing now to engage regularly in the trade, will be supplied by us with Oils from the BOSTON KEROSENE OIL CO.,

AT THEIR BOSTON PRICES, until we are ready to deliver our own manufacture. S. R. PHILBRICK, Selling Agent and Treasurer. Portland, May 27, 1859. 3m29

J. & D. MILLER, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, And Dealers in

Flour, Oats, Shorts & Feed, Commercial Street, Head of Portland Pier.

N. J. MILLER, JR. } PORTLAND, ME. D. W. MILLER. } 32 6 m.

H. H. HAY & CO. Wholesale dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Swedish Leeches, Cigars,

MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c Burning Fluid and Camphene.

Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc. Always at lowest market Prices. Junction of Free and Middle Street. PORTLAND, ME. 20tf

J. G. TOLFOORD & CO. NO. 6 FREE STREET BLOCK, PORTLAND, ME.

DEALERS IN **Silks! Shawls! Velvets! Flannels**

WOOLENS, EMBROIDERIES, LINENS, HOUSEKEEPING, GOODS, &c

Particular attention paid to the **LINEN DEPARTMENT,** Which contains at all times a full Stock of every description of LINEN GOODS, of the best and most desirable Fabrics, viz:

Linen Sheetings Pillow Linens, Fronting Linens, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c., Also, a full Stock of Cotton Goods at very Low Prices.

As our senior partner has had over twenty years' experience in the DRY GOODS BUSINESS, and our facilities for obtaining the BEST GOODS at the lowest prices have been constantly increasing, we are enabled to offer to our customers and the public, the latest NOVELTIES of the season, on their earliest arrival, and at prices to correspond with the times.

FILES & EMERY, Wholesale and Retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, 170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME

FURS! FURS! FURS! The best assortment of Foreign and Domestic Furs ever offered in this market. This is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur Goods are fresh made and selected from the besthouses in New York.

B. M. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

Paper Box Manufactory, 144 MIDDLE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

Boxes, of all kinds manufactured at short notice. All orders addressed to

CHARLES H. JEWELL, will be promptly attended to. 2 ly CHAS. H. JEWELL.

J. W. BLANCHARD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

French & American Soft Hats, LAT ST Styles SILK DRESS HATS, BLACK DRAB AND PEARL CASHMERE HATS,

FUR, PLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS, Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps.

FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

M. G. PALMER & CO. JOBBERS OF

Straw Goods, Bonnet Ribbons, FRENCH & AMERICAN FLOWERS

SILKS, SATINS, BLONDE, RUCHE, FRAMES, AND CROWNS, 144 MIDDLE STREET,

Moses G. Palmer, John E. Palmer, Randolph C. Thomas, } PORTLAND, ME. 2 ly

JOHN W. PERKINS & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES, CAMPHENE AND FLUID, No. 165 Commercial Street,

PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

CHAS. R. MILLIKEN, —WHOLESALE— **WEST INDIA GOODS**

—AND— **PROVISION DEALER,** 19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf, PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

BURNING FLUID AND CAMPHENE by the Barrel or Gallon, for sale by WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st., Portland.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOTS AND SHOES.



THE subscriber would respectfully inform the readers of the "REPORTER" that he has now on hand a large and well selected stock of custom made

Boots & Shoes, of all kinds and varieties which he is now selling at

GREAT BARGAINS! for cash only (as his motto is Cash Sales and small profits) he buys his goods solely for Cash, thereby saving 6 per cent which he is willing to give his customers the benefit of, for the sake of having CASH DOWN.

His stock is composed in part of Gents French and American Calf Boots from \$2.75 to \$6.25; Gents Congress Boots, Oxford Ties, Calf and Thick Boots of all kinds. Also, Boys' and Youth's Congress BOOTS AND SHOES, at low prices.

Ladies' Gaiter Boots, of all kinds from 75 cents to \$2.50.

MISSIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR of all varieties at the lowest prices.

N. B. Persons from the country will find this the best place in the city to buy such Goods, and are invited to call and examine.

A. GOWELL, 92 EXCHANGE ST., PORTLAND, ME., 6w SIGH OF GOLDEN BOOT. 32

WM. P. HASTINGS, Manufacturer of

SERAPHINES, MELOPHONES, AND MELODEONS, At No. 89, Federal St., Portland, Me.

Where may be found an assortment of instruments of every style and variety, finished in elegant Rosewood Cases, with all the latest modern improvements, which for power, sweetness, evenness and brilliancy of tone, elasticity of action, beauty and durability of workmanship, are unsurpassed by any other manufacturer.

These Instruments are all manufactured from the best of materials, and fully warranted. Satisfaction will be given in all cases.

REED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER, WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS. 2 ly

N. B. Our Instruments took the **First Premium** at the State Fair of '57 and '58.

M. L. HALL, Dealer in

Foreign, & Domestic Dry Goods, SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,

BLACK SILKS, warranted to wear well.

FANCY SILKS, of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES. EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c.

All at the lowest prices. 100 Middle St., Portland, Me. Opposite Casco Bank. 2 tf

JOHN E. DOW, Auctioneer and Real Estate Broker.

Also Agent for the

JEFFERSON LIFE INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$200,000.

HAMPDEN FIRE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass. Capital and Surplus, \$250,000.

CONWAY FIRE INS. CO., of Conway, Me. Capital and Surplus, \$254,000.

CHARTER OAK FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn. Capital and Surplus, \$342,000.

KENSINGTON FIRE AND MARINE INS. CO., of Philadelphia, Penn. Capital and Surplus, \$800,000.

These companies are all first class stock of offices, and insure good risks at as low a rate as any companies of equal standing in New England.

Office Canal Bank Building, Portland, Me. Dec. 31, 1858. 1y. First door east side

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT, CIGARS, TOBACCO,

Boston Co. Card Matches, PURE REFINED